

KEYED TO HAPPINESS

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX ENJOYS THE MELODIES OF EXISTENCE.

An interesting estimate of a complex character—The busy life of the poet—she is a Theosophist and believes in Her Own Good Luck.

(Copyright, 1922, by American Press Assoc.)

The ease with which she lives is perhaps the most interesting feature of Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox's life. Like a speck of light in a ray, a duck in a shower, a petted child in a well-managed family, she floats, dips and dances through life, untroubled by environment. It is not that she shirks blows of fate. In time of real trouble no one is better able to grapple with the lions of difficulty than the poetess, but she is born without the power to anticipate harm or evil. Keyed to happiness, it requires the coarse crash of some disagreeable chord to attract her attention from the sweet melodies of existence.

She never sees obstacles arise in the path of accomplishment. Risky and venturesome, her mind concentrates itself upon the end, and the intermediate drops into parenthesis. She never imagines that messages may miscarry; that expected people or checks will not come; that the weather may be unfit for the picnic. She never calculates "what if," but takes for granted the desirable and "grapples" only when interference really comes. This is not the result of philosophy; it is her nature. This leaves her an immense fund of vitality and animal spirit, and is by herself said to be the cause of her extremely youthful appearance.

She firmly believes herself cared for by guardian spirits, and truly it would seem as if she were. Her plans are seldom thwarted; things seldom go wrong. Upon the fingers of one hand she could count the things in her life for which she has earnestly desired, that have not come to pass. "Just my luck" is a common expression of hers; "Just your luck, Ella," as common with her friends. She is without timid and humble in spirit. She believes unshakingly in the propitiation of these good angels. "Whenever I seek for myself, they leave me," she says; "I can feel their support so long as I do and plan for the good of others." Certainly "good luck" or its equivalent in some more scientific term is with Ella Wheeler Wilcox eight times in ten. The most careful calculation cannot score a better record.

She never broods or reflects on past misfortune or disappointment. Indeed, her friends say she does not dwell long enough upon pleasure to get the good out of it. Her mind is like a bow, tense always for the next arrow's flight. Her mentality has an abnormal capacity for reaching forward—going on, building up, accomplishing, getting into new molds, finding new worlds to conquer. Events drop out as soon as happened—not out of memory, for she has a remarkable facility of recalling the right thing at the right time, but like knitting or weaving, each row of stitches is dropped off the needles as soon as made, not to be lost, but to go into the woof of action.

She will not fuss with a perplexity, hunt for a lost article, undo or do over for the sake of possible improvement, no matter how easy the improvement may appear. She acts with a sharp, quick, clear insight, and direct force. That done, "let it go." "It will come," "Can't waste time." Package, poem or seam must stand as it has come. Well for her that she has a clear intuition to steer clear of the rocks in this current! Well for her that she has a natural ear for poetic rhythm; she never would have acquired it.

Here is a nature of reserve forces. Womanly to a degree, with all of the weaknesses of the sex, beyond a certain limit she is fitted to guide and direct both preacher and philosopher. Coquetish and fascinating, a dangerous girlhood was passed safely through unguarded. Open handed and free with money, and with a passion for purchase, her obligation record is straight as that of the most able and honorable financier. She will not accept a postage stamp or overtake an allowance one dollar.



ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

From a recent photograph by Rockwood. With an abnormal love for society, she has never been known to neglect a duty for a pleasure. Her strong love of dress never descends to silliness or vanity or cruelty to caterers. Her desire for beauty leads to care and preservation of self and others, not to complacent selfishness. Incapable of systematic method or plan for its achievement, she maintains an absolute cleanliness, cleanliness and fitness of arrangement in her surroundings of household, wardrobe and literature. Careless and level headed, jolly and prudent, poetical and practical, imaginative and strictly truthful, frank but never rude, a more satisfactory friend does not exist.

It is impossible for her to reason or to accept conclusions based on logic. She sees or not as it happens, and is positive of the fact arrived at and slow to perceive how one may see differently. "I think that is why I am so superstitious," she says. "My guardian spirits saw that I never could learn by the big, heavy ways, so gave me the easy, pleasant ones by which to develop and see truth." "I have a superstition for every day in the week," she says. She leans strongly to the occult by nature, is a born Theosophist. In her poems written at fifteen and seventeen years, are many truths now being scientifically taught by leaders of the new religion. The by leaders of the occult is wholly intuitive, however. After a visit to a meeting of advanced Theosophists she said, "They sounded like gibbering idiots."

In daily life the practical and humorous are uppermost in her nature. All the romance and sentiment go into her poetry. "Habits" she has none. She likes late hours for rising in the city, but at the shore she rises at 6 or 7. She writes, swims, visits, sails, entertains, walks and rides, but never lolls through the waking hours. Her writing may be disturbed by man, woman, child, dog, cat, and continued at will. "I do everything else first," she says; "I know that I will write anyway." Really her writing is but a parenthesis of her resourceful life. She believes in regular meals as the basis of all sensible thought and action. She drinks quarts of clover tea and ascribes strength, flesh and color to its use.

She never reflects or ponders about doing things; she thinks and acts at once. She never dawdles and seldom rests. "Not a bit tired," she will say when urged to lie down after some heavy duty or shopping expedition. "I could move pyramids today!" is written under date of July 24 from "The Bungalow." She is at her best in the greatest heat of summer.

While accepting poems for poems from all sources, she cannot endure suggestion as to their carrying out. She suffers under bad rhythm, but loves good comic verse and above all a good parody.

She devoted to physical culture. Dancing is a passion, and she is more proud of her grace and skill in it than of her poetic gift. The cat is her favorite animal. She believes that she was one in a former incarnation. She has its grace and lovable caprice.

PARIS FASHIONS.

The Watteau and Empire styles will be conspicuous this fall. The outlook for fall fashions shows many picture effects which have been taken from old paintings, and particularly the Watteau and the Empire.

The Watteau is shown principally in the double plaits that are to be seen in the new wraps on the backs of princess gowns and in the trained skirts, which have a deep plait double box which reaches a point in the center. Nearly all new skirts which are intended for house wear have a decided point in the middle of the back.

The trimming is scant but very neat, consisting mainly of very narrow ruching, plaiting or rose plaits or reversed plaiting. A few houses of lace are seen, but they will be of real lace in black or white. Light silks have self

flounces headed by very narrow ruffles of some other color, or with the edge bound with color. A black pouge was bound with pale blue and the revers were similarly trimmed.

The Josephine gowns are very pretty and picturesque, though quite simple in everything, and something that would seem to be a woman, child, dog, cat, and continued at will. "I do everything else first," she says; "I know that I will write anyway." Really her writing is but a parenthesis of her resourceful life. She believes in regular meals as the basis of all sensible thought and action. She drinks quarts of clover tea and ascribes strength, flesh and color to its use.

She devoted to physical culture. Dancing is a passion, and she is more proud of her grace and skill in it than of her poetic gift. The cat is her favorite animal. She believes that she was one in a former incarnation. She has its grace and lovable caprice.

THE HUNGALOW.

(Mrs. Wilcox's summer home at Short Beach, Conn.)

She makes a splendid president of the comfort of her home. She loves to direct, hate to do, although she has become proficient in housekeeping details that her husband's comfort may not suffer through change. She cares not a cent for credit of accomplishment so long as all are comfortable and happy. Desire for credit is the bane of almost every well managed household. The poetess has not a trace of it. She ranges her menus a week ahead. She never makes a note and seldom forgets. She answers correspondence immediately on receipt. "If I don't I never do," she says; "they get buried!" She is very respectful to strangers, loyal to old friends and loyal to a marked degree. She never misses her annual visit to her aged mother in Wisconsin, no matter for the sacrifice of advantage the autumn trip may cost.

The strong points of her character are intense love for her husband, which is almost more than human; loyalty to relatives and friends; directness and integrity of character, good humor, haste. Her philosophy is love, her practice a smile and an open hand. She believes in death as but a change of existence. She believes herself to be the happiest woman in existence. Her thought is punctuated by prayers for the continuance of the present and gratitude for her blessings.

MAY ROBERTS.

Women as Breadwinners.

Some time ago Helen Campbell, in an article in The Arena, said: "The pale, anemic, undeveloped factory girls of today, swarming in factory and shop, are the mothers of the future. Before birth of all the elements that make strong bodies and teachable souls. It is not alone the present with which we deal. Out of the future comes a demand as insistent, and justice today bears its fruit in larger life for other days to come."

In view of the manifest truth of the foregoing statements, it seems strange that so many of the most generous souls of earth should have such erroneous ideas as to the remedy for the evil existing. Within the sphere of woman's work, extending her opportunities and increasing the number of vocations for her can scarcely be considered the best way to create in her children "the elements that make strong bodies and teachable souls."

It simply means a still greater number of "pale, anemic and undeveloped girls." It means fewer of the good old fashioned kind that they once made mothers of, and that we now sometimes see playing with their grandchildren.

Kate Field's Washington note long since said: "I do not believe that woman under any circumstances should have to earn her own living; and further, the modern idea that it is a suitable or even praiseworthy thing for her to do so is bad political economy, bad morals and bad sociology."

One or two of the newspapers of the day, particularly the Boston Budget, have attacked this position with ridicule and sarcasm. The Budget regrets that any portion of mankind or womankind should fall into "the stupid and erroneous idea of wasting life by spending it in earning a living." The fact that there are 30,000 husbands in Chicago supported by their wives and that there are over 100,000 self supporting women in New York city changes The Budget's remark about "wasting life" from a place of sarcasm to a touch of the deepest pathos.

REBECCA BEAMAN.

THE DODD

Bloomfield, Montclair and New York

EXPRESS CO.

OFFICES:

80 Cortlandt St., New York.

J. G. Crane & Son, Montclair, N. J., Dodd's Lefty Stables, Bloomfield.

All orders left at any of the above offices will receive prompt attention.

Patronage Solicited.

Thos. Flannery & Co.,

Proprietors.

PARIS FASHIONS.

The Watteau and Empire styles will be conspicuous this fall. The outlook for fall fashions shows many picture effects which have been taken from old paintings, and particularly the Watteau and the Empire.



The Watteau is shown principally in the double plaits that are to be seen in the new wraps on the backs of princess gowns and in the trained skirts, which have a deep plait double box which reaches a point in the center. Nearly all new skirts which are intended for house wear have a decided point in the middle of the back.

The trimming is scant but very neat, consisting mainly of very narrow ruching, plaiting or rose plaits or reversed plaiting. A few houses of lace are seen, but they will be of real lace in black or white. Light silks have self

flounces headed by very narrow ruffles of some other color, or with the edge bound with color. A black pouge was bound with pale blue and the revers were similarly trimmed.

The Josephine gowns are very pretty and picturesque, though quite simple in everything, and something that would seem to be a woman, child, dog, cat, and continued at will. "I do everything else first," she says; "I know that I will write anyway." Really her writing is but a parenthesis of her resourceful life. She believes in regular meals as the basis of all sensible thought and action. She drinks quarts of clover tea and ascribes strength, flesh and color to its use.

She devoted to physical culture. Dancing is a passion, and she is more proud of her grace and skill in it than of her poetic gift. The cat is her favorite animal. She believes that she was one in a former incarnation. She has its grace and lovable caprice.

THE HUNGALOW.

She makes a splendid president of the comfort of her home. She loves to direct, hate to do, although she has become proficient in housekeeping details that her husband's comfort may not suffer through change. She cares not a cent for credit of accomplishment so long as all are comfortable and happy. Desire for credit is the bane of almost every well managed household. The poetess has not a trace of it. She ranges her menus a week ahead. She never makes a note and seldom forgets. She answers correspondence immediately on receipt. "If I don't I never do," she says; "they get buried!" She is very respectful to strangers, loyal to old friends and loyal to a marked degree. She never misses her annual visit to her aged mother in Wisconsin, no matter for the sacrifice of advantage the autumn trip may cost.

The strong points of her character are intense love for her husband, which is almost more than human; loyalty to relatives and friends; directness and integrity of character, good humor, haste. Her philosophy is love, her practice a smile and an open hand. She believes in death as but a change of existence. She believes herself to be the happiest woman in existence. Her thought is punctuated by prayers for the continuance of the present and gratitude for her blessings.

MAY ROBERTS.

Women as Breadwinners.

Some time ago Helen Campbell, in an article in The Arena, said: "The pale, anemic, undeveloped factory girls of today, swarming in factory and shop, are the mothers of the future. Before birth of all the elements that make strong bodies and teachable souls. It is not alone the present with which we deal. Out of the future comes a demand as insistent, and justice today bears its fruit in larger life for other days to come."

In view of the manifest truth of the foregoing statements, it seems strange that so many of the most generous souls of earth should have such erroneous ideas as to the remedy for the evil existing. Within the sphere of woman's work, extending her opportunities and increasing the number of vocations for her can scarcely be considered the best way to create in her children "the elements that make strong bodies and teachable souls."

It simply means a still greater number of "pale, anemic and undeveloped girls." It means fewer of the good old fashioned kind that they once made mothers of, and that we now sometimes see playing with their grandchildren.

Kate Field's Washington note long since said: "I do not believe that woman under any circumstances should have to earn her own living; and further, the modern idea that it is a suitable or even praiseworthy thing for her to do so is bad political economy, bad morals and bad sociology."

REBECCA BEAMAN.

THE DODD

Bloomfield, Montclair and New York

EXPRESS CO.

OFFICES:

80 Cortlandt St., New York.

J. G. Crane & Son, Montclair, N. J., Dodd's Lefty Stables, Bloomfield.

All orders left at any of the above offices will receive prompt attention.

Patronage Solicited.

Thos. Flannery & Co.,

Proprietors.

THE SONG OF THE TEXAS CORN.

I was dry and dusty;
I was weak and weary;
Now I'm glad and happy;
And the earth looks cheery.

Oh, the soaking,
Mirth provoking,
Laughter making rain;
Soft and silky,
Mild and milky,
Grows my golden grain.

Listen to the laughter,
That my leaves are making,
When the wind comes after
Kisses, softly shaking.

Oh, breathing,
Breathing, living,
Heaven pouring rain!
Come, carous me,
Kiss me, bless me,
Once and once again!

Let your hearts be singing:
Psalms of praise, peoples,
Set the joys ringing
In the lofty steeples.

Let the reapers
To the sender
Of the joyous rain;
Heaven pouring rain!
Come, carous me,
Kiss me, bless me,
Once and once again!

How Greeley Helped Lincoln.

"War Times," I see," said aged Charles W. Water, of Germantown, yesterday, "that the colored gives Andrew Carnegie a great deal of credit for Lincoln's nomination at Chicago in 1860. I sat in a chair beside Colonel McCune in that convention, and I think Curtin and all others were totally overshadowed by Horace Greeley. He said he was a bitter grudge. He said he had made Seward governor, and he thought him ungrateful. On Seward's refusal to act as he wished, Greeley declared, 'My time will come at last.' When the convention time arrived we all saw what seemed to be a man of soldiers marching up the street. What was it but did Horace Greeley in his famous plug hat and white coat stalking along after a brass band at the head of the New York delegation. They were the pick and flower of the state too. They were given a rousing reception in the convention hall."

Change for the Wedding Fee.

A clergyman in Cumberland county had married a couple, and was surprised by the groom's asking him the amount of the bill. He had not been accustomed to receive anything of much value, and said that the matter was left to the groom to decide. "But I'd rather you'd state the figures," was the reply, and finally the minister said, "Well, anywhere between one and ten dollars." The groom handed him a five dollar bill and departed.

In about a fortnight he returned to the minister's house and said, "Look here, when I gave you that five dollar bill I expected some change back." The minister, among the pretty ornaments that may be made of cattails is a table cut about eighteen or twenty-four of the largest that can be found, taking

Three Remarks About Marriage.

James L. Allen has a story entitled "John Gray," in which he has three remarks to make apropos to the subject of marriage: "Some women in marrying demand all and give all; with good men they are happy; with bad men they are broken hearted. Some demand everything and give little, and with good men they are tyrants; with strong men they are divorced. Every bachelor is really the husband of an old maid. For every single man carries around with him the spirit of a woman to whom he is more or less happily wedded. When a man actually marries, this inner helpmate wisely disappears in the presence of her external contemporary."

Bacteria in Croton Water.

The examinations of artificial ice made from the distilled Croton water have shown that when it does contain a few bacteria these are not of many different species, as is the case with the undistilled Croton, but they are almost all of one single species, and this is a hardy, harmless form which multiplies readily and rapidly in pure water.—T. Mitchell Prudden in Harper's.

Carrying a Mortgage.

Bilking a man must have built that fine house of his under a mortgage, didn't he?

Wilkins—Yes. How did you know?

Bilkins—I notice his shoulders are beginning to look like a mansard roof.—New York Weekly.

A strange custom is followed by Mexican farmers. They use oxen of one color in the morning and another color in the afternoon. They do not know why, but they know that it must be the right thing to do, because their forefathers did it.

The best words of Richard III were: "Not one foot will I fee so long as breath bides within my breast, for long who shaped both sea and land this day shall end my battles or my life. I will die king of England."

About 90 per cent. of the wild animals that are shot in the night are taken by the pursuit of an enemy that can leap from branch to branch or climb along the vine-like cables of the great lianas vines, and a jaguar would not begin to regret a phenomenal deluge fill the waters to the crest of the tops of the tallest palms.—San Francisco Chronicle.

According to a somewhat cynical old proverb the need of night sleep justly due to average human beings should be distributed: "Six hours to a man, seven to a woman and eight to a fool."

Count Chardonet, of Paris, makes silk from cellulose that is indistinguishable from that manufactured by silkworms. It is dangerously inflammable.

ALONG THE AMAZON.

WHERE RAIN COMES DOWN IN TERRIFIC CLOUDBURSTS.

For Months the Country is Submerged by Water and All Kinds of Animals are Driven to the Highlands and Tree Tops—A Tropical Deluge.

The worst inundations of Louisiana and eastern Arkansas are but spring freshets compared with the monster floods that visit the Amazon valley every year with a regularity equaled only by astronomical events and tax collections. The rainfall of northern Brazil is about three times that of the wettest counties of Oregon, and in midsummer the thunder showers that drench the woods every afternoon resemble a daily cloud-burst. On the Northern Pacific no other word would be applied to an atmospheric waterfall, darkening the air like a London winter fog for hours together, and swamping a house, if the roof should leak, through an aperture of a few square inches.

Rains of that sort are apt to occur day after day for series of weeks, and their effect on the lowlands can only be imperfectly indicated by the fact that the Amazon river drains an area of more than 2,000,000 square miles. The Mississippi, too, drains half the eastern slope of a country larger than Brazil, and at its largest floods are dwarfed by the third class tributaries of the South American father of waters.

Not such flowing lakes as the Rio Negro and the Madeira, but the Purus, the Yavari, the Gurua, the Hingo, the Piapao and other of the great streams rarely mentioned on this side of the isthmus enter the main river through a delta miles in width and deep enough for the largest river steamers of the St. Lawrence.

About the middle of summer these streams begin to rise, those from the southwest first, those from the northwest and north a few weeks later, and a fortnight after the arrival of the second supplement the valley of the Marañon, the "wild hog river," as the early colonists called the Amazon, becomes a paradise of swampy lowlands. The tapers, the pigri and other of the celebrated pigri season of their summer life, and herds of wild deer begin their westward exodus. Near Monte Beira, in the province (now state) of Mato Grosso, the woods in midsummer get full of game, as a hundred years ago the foothills of the southern Alleghenies swarmed with deer and always with the same result. Men from Missouri, Illinois, Kansas and Texas are, almost without exception, fatter and more graceful swimmers than those who were born and brought up on the New England coast. The reason for this is the difference between fresh and salt water. When one who has learned to swim in fresh water gets into the ocean he feels as if he could never become weaned. The denser water so buoy his limbs that they appear to weigh nothing and he is astonished at the speed he attains.

Another notable fact is that the proportion of men bred on the seaboard who cannot swim is very much greater than among inlanders. At New Bedford, a famous shipping point, not one sailor in five can swim and the same is true of other points on the New England coast. With the people from the southwest, certainly with those who were bred in the country, the non-swimmer is an exception. The cause of this is that the weather is warm enough for outdoor bathing during more months of the year in the southern and southwestern states than on the sea coast, and surely a farmer's boy is unacquainted with the art. In one respect alone are the easterners ahead and there is in their lady swimmers, with whom we have few to compete.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Where Organ Grinders Congregate.

The industry—if that word can be used in this connection—of organ grinding is one of considerable extent. This city limits the number of licenses to 500 at a dollar each. This does not by any means cover the number of Italians who at certain seasons of the year live here and make their living by grinding. Like theatrical people, these grinders make New York their headquarters, and Manhattan bend is their Rialto. There on any sunny, warm morning they may be seen lounging indifferently along the narrow, crowded street, stopping to say a word with the pretty black eyed girl who sells ice cream for a cent a glass, or to borrow a cigarette from a passing acquaintance.

In this latter respect alone they resemble the loungers of the other Rialto up town. They don't wear patent leathers or spats or hats and they are not making up for these appendages in cigarette smoking.—New York World.

A. DAY.

Bloomfield Centre.

Baker Confectioner

Ice Cream & Ices,

ALL FLAVORS.

Bricks a Specialty all the year round.

JOSEPH A. PELOUBET,

AUCTIONEER.

Real Estate and Insurance.

Special attention given to sale at auction of Real and Personal Property.

276 GLENWOOD AVENUE,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Martin J. Callahan,

CONTRACTOR.

Flagging, Curbing and Paving.

A supply of Door-steps, Window sills and Caps, and Cellar Steps constantly on hand.

STONE YARD: ON GLENWOOD AVE. NEAR D. L. & W. R. DEPOT.

RESIDENCE ON THOMAS ST.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Invocation to Autumn.

Come, season so mild,
With thy pearl-colored days,
And zephyrs so wild,
With their sweetest of days.

Where strayest thou now,
With thy soft cooling breeze?
Art fanning the brow
Of thy love 'neath the trees?

Or roseth thy wings
In some far distant sphere,
Among lowly things
That on earth ever appear?

We love thee! oh, come!
We are lonely for thee,
Oh! come to our long
By the tall poplar tree.

Bring splendor untold
To our own silent nook,
Come deck with bright light
The old times by the brook.

Come talk to us there
In thy language of night,
While centing the air
With thy breath of delight.

Sweet autumn! old come
To the bank by the rill;
Bright autumn! come soon
O'er our mountain and hill.

Come, autumn, so bland,
With thy sweet soothing power,
Oh! touch with thy wand
The dark wood and the tower.

But Beauty arise!
In her mystic form,
Oh! paint our gray skies
With the glory of storm.

BLOOMFIELD, AUG. 28th, 1892.

Eastern and Western Swimmers.

The seashore is supposed to be the home of fine swimmers, but as a matter of fact the deliriums of the coast cannot compare in this respect with our southern westerners. I have seen it tried time and again and always with the same result. Men from Missouri, Illinois, Kansas and Texas are, almost without exception, fatter and more graceful swimmers than those who were born and brought up on the New England coast. The reason for this is the difference between fresh and salt water. When one who has learned to swim in fresh water gets into the ocean he feels as if he could never become weaned. The denser water so buoy his limbs that they appear to weigh nothing and he is astonished at the speed he attains.

Another notable fact is that the proportion of men bred on the seaboard who cannot swim is very much greater than among inlanders. At New Bedford, a famous shipping point, not one sailor in five can swim and the same is true of other points on the New England coast. With the people from the southwest, certainly with those who were bred in the country, the non-swimmer is an exception. The cause of this is that the weather is warm enough for outdoor bathing during more months of the year in the southern and southwestern states than on the sea coast, and surely a farmer's boy is unacquainted with the art. In one respect alone are the easterners ahead and there is in their lady swimmers, with whom we have few to compete.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Where Organ Grinders Congregate.

The industry—if that word can be used in this connection—of organ grinding is one of considerable extent. This city limits the number of licenses to 500 at a dollar each. This does not by any means cover the number of Italians who at certain seasons of the year live here and make their living by grinding. Like theatrical people, these grinders make New York their headquarters, and Manhattan bend is their Rialto. There on any sunny, warm morning they may be seen lounging indifferently along the narrow, crowded street, stopping to say a word with the pretty black eyed girl who sells ice cream for a cent a glass, or to borrow a cigarette from a passing acquaintance.

In this latter respect alone they resemble the loungers of the other Rialto up town. They don't wear patent leathers or spats or hats and they are not making up for these appendages in cigarette smoking.—New York World.

A. DAY.

Bloomfield Centre.

Baker Confectioner

Ice Cream & Ices,

ALL FLAVORS.

Bricks a Specialty all the year round.

JOSEPH A. PELOUBET,

AUCTIONEER.

Real Estate and Insurance.

Special attention given to sale at auction of Real and Personal Property.

276 GLENWOOD AVENUE,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.